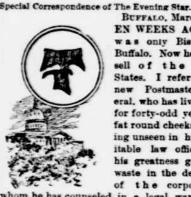


His Friendship With Cleveland-A Wire Puller Behind the Scenes-The Romance of His Marriage-A Pen Picture of Mrs. Bissell and Their Buffalo Home,



EN WEEKS AGO HE

fairy-like he created national reputations for his old college friend, John W. Noble of St. Louis, for Miller, his law partner, and a score of others. Cieveland opened his lips in 1884 and Daniel Manning and William C. Endicott secame national quantities, and now through his second cabinet utterance we are introduced to Eissell, Hoke Smith, Daniel Lamont and other men whose names we yet hardly know

"BOSOM FRIEND BISSELL." Mr. Bissell and Mr. Cleveland have been stands closer to him than his new Postmaster during the campaign of 1884 as "Rosom Friend ssell," and the two, when they were practicing law together here, were called the Damon and Pythias of the Buffalo bar. He has been associated with Cleveland during his years of prominence, and the fact that he has not been better known to the people has come from his queer taste for keep-ing himself out of sight. During my stay in Euffalo I have chatted with close friends of both men and I find that Mr. Bisseli has in the past preferred to be one of the stage managers rather than a chief actor in the elevation of Cleveland to power. It is not generally known that in the struggle between Cleveland and Blaine in 1884 Wilson S. Bissell was one of the chief directors of the Cleveland forces and that to his sagacity the democratic victory was quite largely due. He was Mr. Cleveland's private and personal representative all through the campaign, and it fell to his lot to nullify the scandalous stories sent out concerning his partner's past life. He had been among the foremost in securing Mr. Cleveland's nomination for sheriff, mayor and governor, and he had almost as much to do with his first nomination for the presidency as Daniel Man-ning, but he was not connected with the event. In the Chicago convention of last June Mr. Bissell was equal in command with William C. Whitney. He did most of the plan-ning and the ex-Secretary of the Navy did most of the executing and got all the credit, though he would have shared it gladly with the Buffalo man if the latter had been willing. Mr. Bissell's name was scarcely mentioned in the newspapers, and very few persons knew then or know now the measure of his political power. He is now and has been for nearly a decade one of the great generals in the demo-cratic party, ye when it was announced that he had been chosen to succeed John Wanamaker many democratic captains asked: "Who is Wil-

The new Postmaster General, according to the statements of those who know him here, is one of the closest-mouthed men in public life. He has always kept himself in the back ground. about. He has not the widest of acquaintanceships, but he is a companionable man, broad-minded, witty and a good talker, except where his own affairs are concerned. Mention these and he shuts up like a clam and either stops



WANAMAKER AND BISSELL. In this respect Postmaster General Bissell will be found far different from John Wanamaker. Our last Postmaster General was generally ready to talk about anything, from Sunday school to great postal reforms, and from his store to the chances of fortune making for young men. Mr. Wanamaker is a man of many ideas, of much shrewd common sense and of a lively appreciation of the value of the newspalicy appreciation of the Lehigh Valley railroad. His present connection with the Reading system would be hard to discover, but, without exception, his railroad management has been remarkably successful. He has a faculty for Sunday school to great postal reforms, and from ideas, of much shrewd common sense and or a lively appreciation of the value of the newspaper man in the way of helping on himself and his party. He had a first-class newspaper man this party. He had a first-class newspaper man the salary of \$3,000 a year, which he paid out act and training he seems to be a far better man for Postmaster General than most persons man for Postmaster General than most persons. news gatherers were always welcome at his office. Through this his administration was better advertised and better presented to the people than that of any Postmaster General of the past, and I understand that he considered much to do with the newspapers and has, I am told, cut shy of them and has apparently rather feared them. Mr. Wanamaker was always accessible and I have always been impressed by his honesty and his plain practical common sense. He knew how to deal with men and he seldom talked with a person long without making him his friend. He understood how to brush aside details portant institution of the kind in Buffalo, for a new Postmaster General has had to deal with

IN HIS OWN TOWN.

books and legal questions more than with the managing of men, and he will not start out with the same advantages Wanamaker's experience in his store gave him.

The two Postmasters General are the opposite in appearance. Bissell weighs twice as much as Wanamaker and he tips the beam at about 300 pounds. His massive skull could contain Wanamaker's head and the brown hair of the great merchant would not touch the walls of Bissell's cranium were it boxed up in its cenof Bissell's cranium were it boxed up in its cen-HIS WORK IN POLITICS. Mr. Bissell's arms are as big around as Mr. Wanamaker's calves and his thighs measure almost as much in circumference as does Honest John's waist. Wanamaker is about five feet eight: Bissell is over six feet in his stockings. Both are smooth shaven, both dress in black and are simple in their tastes. CLEVELAND AND BISSELL.

Here at Buffalo I hear many comparisons of Cleveland and Bissell, and the new Postmaster music in the Buffalo Seminary. She had General seems to be in most ways the twin brother of the President. Their lives have run close together. They squalled in their cradles at about the same time array back in the fortion. EN WEEKS AGO HE at about the same time away back in the forties.

was only Bissell of Both came of fairly well-to-do families, Bis-Buffalo. Now he is Bissell's parents being perhaps the richer and sending him to school at Yale. Both were bachelors till they were forty years old, their wives are of about the same age and the two new Postmaster General, who has lived here for forty-odd years, his fat round cheeks blush
wives are of about the same age and the two men.

wives are of about the same age and the two one of her first engagements was as a soloist at a Buffalo orchestra concert. While in that city she was the guest of Mrs. George Sicard, wife of one of the members of the Bissell firm. Mr.

itable law office, and his greatness going to chief clerk in the office of Lansing, Cleveland waste in the desert air of the corporations whom he has counseled in a legal way to the tune of something like \$50,000 a year. It is wonderful how events produce great men, and how the elevation to power of one mortal pulls up the others about him. Benjamin Harrison raised his wand and fairy-like he created national reputations for his old college friend, John W. Noble of St. daughter of another of his law partners, Oscar Folsom, Wilson Bissell was the best man, and when the present Postmaster General married Louise Fowler Sturgis in February, 1890, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland were the guests of honor. These two men have never ceased to be "Wils" and 'Grove' to each other, and it is likely that no one in the cabinet will have more influence in the new administration than Wilson S. Bis-

THE BISSELL-CLEVELAND LAW FIRM. Cleveland has not in the world a man who of which Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bissell were members has probably sent out more public men than any other in the United States, and Mr. Bissell is not the only Postmaster General among them. The firm dates back to 1834 when the Hon. Orasmus H. Marshall, the most famous of western New York historians, opened his law office. Mr. Marshail's first two p both left him to take public office. Hi partner was Judge Nathan K. Hall, who had unil then been Millard Fillmore's law partner. When Fillmore became President he



MR. BISSELL IN HIS LAW OFFICE. ward appointing him United States judge as

successor to Roscoe Conkling's Nearly all subsequent members the firms descending in di-line from O. H. Marshall have held some direct portant office from district attorney up. One of them, the Hon, Lyman K. Bass, was not only a district attorney, but a member of Congress, and his widow is now the wife of Senator Wolcott of Colorado, Mr. Bass was Bissell's first partner, and Grover Cleveland joined the firm in 1874 after his term of sheriff had ex-pired. Bass withdrew on account of ill-health in 1881, and left the firm name Cleveland & Eissell. The two men did a very large business as confidential advisers and counsel to corporations and in a year they were obliged to take in another partner. Mr. Cleveland remained a member of the firm throughout his term as mayor of Buffalo, but retired out his term as mayor of Buffalo, but retired upon his election as governor of New York, leaving Mr. Bissell where he has been ever since, Bissell, Sicard, Brundage & Bissell. A BIG LAWYER OUTSIDE THE COURTS.

I am told here that notwithstanding the fact that the new Postmaster General has been making from \$10,000 to \$50,000 a year at the law, that he has never had a case in court in his Still he has been a member of the bar for twenty-two years and has made a fortune of something more than half a million dollars. He has wonderful executive ability and has made his money as counsel in big corporation cases. He is a great man on contracts, and his quickness to form a sound judgment on important matters has caused his advice to be sought in many of the largest railroad transactions of recent years. He has been president of two railroads and is still at the head of the Buffalo and Southwestern, which he organized, for which he obtained the right of by which the road was leased to the Erie and its stock brought up to par He organized the Buffalo and Geneva road, now a branch of the Reading system, procured its charter and was its first president. He also organized the New have supposed. I am told that the Post Office Department was the portfolio he wanted and that he said to the President he would like eitler that or to be Secretary of the Interior, though he didn't care much which.

SOMETHING ABOUT HIS HABITS. Mr. Bissell, with all his greatness, is a devotee of the cigarette. He smokes incessantly, sere he will do differently. He has never had and uses the Russian and Turkish varieties and

seeing him engaged in a three-legged race up there with a Buffalo bank president. He never was a member of the fast set, however, and now that he is married he is so devoted a husband that he is the subject of much good-natured desting.

A WORD ABOUT MRS. BISSELL. Mrs. Bissell has been living in Buffalo for only a few years, but she has made herself very popular here and I find that she has many admirers and friends. She is both pretty and ac-complished and she promises to be one of the leading social figures of this administration. Let me tell you how she looks. Mrs. Bissell is tall and well rounded. Her dark brown hair is worn combed straight back without a crimp or curl. She has beautiful teeth and handsome blue eves. She has a good tailor, but in dress she follows Mrs. Cleveland's taste for simplicity. She carries her head high in the air and gives one the impression of strong self-religions. impression of strong self-reliance and great energy, determination and ambition.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE. There is as much of a romance connected with the Postmaster General's marriage as with that of President Cleveland. Mrs. Bissell's maiden name was Louise Sturgis, and she comes from an old family which is well known in different parts of the Union. One branch of it lives at Mansfield, Ohio, and one of Mrs. Bissell's relatives there has a big brick house in the most fashionable part of the town. Another branch moved from Mansfield to New York city, and Stephen Sturgis is one of the unknown well-to-do men of the metropolis. He would be called rich outside of New York. The branch to which Mrs. Big. of New York. The branch to which Mrs. Bis-



sell belongs comes from Geneva, N. Y. trained by Stockhausen and La Grange. Since the time she and Mrs. Cleveland had been schoolmates at Wells College she had planned and worked and studied with the idea of becoming a professional singer. When at last she was fitted to appear in public as a professional, aid he:
"Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bissell have been at first sight" on both sides, and the arrows of Cupid drove the Goddess of Music off the field and Louise Sturgis, the music teacher, became Mrs. Wilson S. Bissell, the wife of the rich Buffalo lawyer and the future Postmaster General.



THE BISSELL HOME AT BUFFALO.

Mrs. Bissell, of course, gave up her teaching upon her marriage, but at her home here she has always had a musical circle round her, and at the capital she will form a feature of its musical as well as official society. She has a fine voice, and she has sung at a number of entertainments for charity. Her home here is a fine old-fashioned brick residence of two stories and a mansard roof. There is a tower in the middle of the front, and this forms forms the entrance the entrance on the ground floor. It is situated on Delaware avenue, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and is the house in which Jas. N. Matthews, the famous editor of the Buffalo Express, lived and died. Postmaster Gen eral Bissell bought it a couple of years ago, and he has furnished it in a solid, substantial way which harmonizes with its big rooms and its old-fashioned character. Since he has been in it he and Mrs. Bissell have given many quiet little parties and a number of musicales, and she has shown herself a most entertaining and

ccomplished hostess. I am told here, in fact, that Mr. Bissell would never have been Postmaster General had it not been for his wife. It is said that Cleveland offered him a cabinet position eight years ago, but he refused it. This was before he had met his fate. With his marriage his tastes have changed, and he will do anything to oblige his wife. She has maturally great social ambitions, and when President Cleveland gave her the chance to gratify these in making her husband a cabinet minister Mr. Bissell accepted the place. Whether this story of Mrs. Bissell's persuasive powers is true or not, it is an inter-FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Written for The Evening Star.

THE TOMB OF TENNYSON.

Westminster Abbey! Who can scan thy nave. Sacred to ashes dear to mortal man, Without an awe-struck soul beside the grave Of genius brightest since the world began?

What flights of fancy! Chancer takes the lead From Canterbury with his pilgrim band, Whom Spenser and the Fairie Queene outspeed To waft a greeting from the spirit land.

And Doughty Drayton glide upon the stage, With Cowley, Congreve, Dryden, dust no more,

Mat. Pryor, Rowe and Davenant filt past, As David Garrick treads the Appian Way The age of good Queen Anne, with Johnson wise,

Dogmatic, dictatorial, sagely grand; Warm-hearted Goldsmith, whom the people

Melodious Gay, and Addison the bland! And Campbell, Sheridan and Southey crowd The azure field of galaxies sublime, Before accoutered chiefs and courtiers proud

The kings of letters' realm throughout all time And as one dreams and ponders all these things, A child's small voice comes cheery to the ear, And Tiny Tim a Christmas carol sings

No sculptured urn above the sacred dust, No tablature to chronicle his fame; But there amid the centuries' crumbling rust A simple slab to mark the well-loved name. Above this Thackeray's bust in radiance se

Tails truer than tall monuments of stone That memory keeps his mighty image green In love and tender reverence alor

Godiva and the Idylls of the King Is garnered as the autumn harvests fall And ripened boughs abroad their brown leaves fling. O poet-knight, thy quest was not in vain,

A soul like thine in faith can never fail; The cross of Christ is seen by thee again, Those souls of mighty ones from earth set free, No more shall mortals listen to thy song, But basis celestial chant thy themes with theel

DAVID GRAHAM ADRE. BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the whiskers is the best, handlest, safest, surest, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory dye ever invented. It is the gentlemen's favorite. BONES.

THE APRIL FOOL OF HARVEY'S SLUICE.

From London Society.



emphasized their criticism. Abe. however. was a stolid and easy-

going man, on whose mind the remarks of an unappreciative public made but little impression. He had built the house himself, and it suited both himself and his partner, and what more did they want? There was only one man inside the hut, and that was the proprietor, Abe Durton himself, or "Bones," as he had been christened with

or "Bones," as he had been christened with the rude heraldry of the camp. He was sitting in front of the great wood fire, gazing moodily into its glowing depths, and occasionally giving a fagot a kick of remonstrance when it showed any indication of dying into a smoulder. His fair Saxon face, with its bold, honest eyes and crisp yellow beard, stood out sharp and clear against the darkness as the flickering light against the darkness as the flickering light played over it. It was a manly, resolute countenance, and vet the physiognomist might have detected something in the lines of the mouth which showed a weakness somewhere, an indecision which contrasted strangely with his herculean shoulders and massive limbs.
"The Boss is late tonight," he muttered as he

welfare were a chronic subject of solicitude to its master, and who at present contemplated pistol at his waist! I couldn't help thinking of him gravely from one of the rafters.

Abe was still talking when the rough door was fung open and a blinding cloud of sleet and rain came driving into the cabin, almost obscuring for the moment a young man who sprang in and proceeded to bar the entrance beaind him, an operation which the force of the wind rendered no easy matter. "Well," he said in a slightly peevish voice,

"haven't you got any supper?"
"Waiting and ready," said his companion cheerily, nointing to a large pot which bubbled by the side of the fire. "You seem sort of damp."
"Damp be hanged! I'm soaked, man—thor-

oughly saturated. It's a night that I wouldn't have a dog out, at least not a dog that I had any

respect for. Hand over that dry coat from the

Jack Morgan, or Boss, as he was usually called, belonged to a type which was commoner in the mines during the flush times of the first great rush than would be supposed. He was a man of good blood, liberally educated and a graduate of an English university. Boss should, in the natural course of things, have been an energetic curate or struggling professional man had not some latent traits cropped out in his character, inherited possibly from old Sir Henry Morgan, who had founded the family with Spanish pieces of eight gallantly won upon the high seas. It was this wild strain of blood no doubt which had caused him to drop from clair found himself inundated with such a flood the bed room window of the ivy-clad English parsonage and leave home and friends behind him to try his luck with pick and shovel in the Australian fields. In spite of his effeminate ion of the young man's mining capabilities. face and dainty manners the rough dwellers in Harvey's Sluice had gradually learned that the little man was possessed of a cool courage and unflinching resolution, which won respect in a ject in the little drawing room of Azalea Villa, community where pluck was looked upon as the highest of human attributes. No one ever knew how it was that Bones and he had become partners; yet partners they were, and the large, simple nature of the stronger man looked with an almost superstitious reverence upon the clear, decisive mind of his companion.
"That's better," said the Boss, as he dropped

here and sit down."

rched himself upon the to

"What's up?" he asked. crumpled paper from the pocket of the steaming coat. "Here's the Buckhurst Sentinel. Read this article-this one here about a paying lead in the Conemara mine. We hold pretty heavily in that concern, my boy. We might

Abe Durton in the meantime was lab spelling out the article in question, following the lines with his great forefinger and muttering under his tawny mustache. "Any news from Buckhurst?" asked Abe, rising and proceeding to extract their supper from

the pot.
"Nothing much," said his companion. "Cock-eyed Joe has been shot by Billy Reid in McFariane's store.

"Ah," said Abe, with listless interest. "Bush rangers have been around and stuck up the Rochdale station. They say they are coming over here.' The miner whistled as he poured some whisky into a jug.

"Anything more?" he asked. "Nothing of importance except that the blacks have been showing a bit down New Sterling way, and that the assayer has bought a piano, and is going to have his daughter out from Melbourne to live in the new house opposite on the other side of the road. So you see we are going to have some-

His partner suddenly dropped his knife and seemed to listen. Amid the wild uproar of the wind and the rain there was a low rumbling sound which was evidently not dependent upon "Darne 1 if I know."
The two men made for the door and peered

out earnestly into the darkness. Far away along the Buckhurst road they could see a moving light, and the dull sound was louder than "It's a buggy coming down," said Abe.
"Where is it going to?"

"Don't know. Across the ford, I s'pose." "Why, man, the ford will be six feet deep to-night and running like a mill stream."

The light was nearer now, coming rapidly round the curve of the road. There was a wild

sound of galloping with the rattle of the "Horses have bolted, by thunder!" 'Bad job for the man inside.' "If he don't pull em up before they reach

the ford he's a goner," remarked Abe Durton, Suddenly there came a luil in the sullen splash of the rain. It was but for a moment, but in that moment there came down on the breeze a long cry, which caused the two men to start and stare at each other and then to rush frantically down the steep incline toward

"A woman, by heaven!" gasped Abe, as he sprang across the gaping shaft of a mine in the recklessness of his haste. Morgan was the lighter and more active man. He drew away rapidly from his stalwart com-

panion. Within a minute he was standing panting and bareheaded in the middle of the soft, muddy road, while his partner was still toiling down the side of the declivity.

The carriage was close on him now. He could see in the light of the lamps the rawboned Australian horse, as, terrified by the storm and by its own clatter, it came tearing down the declivity which led to the ford. The man who was driving seemed to see the pale toiling down the side of the declivity.

The carriage was close on him now. He could see in the light of the lamps the rawboned Australian horse, as, terrified by the storm and by its own clatter, it came tearing down the declivity which led to the ford. The man who was driving seemed to see the pale face in the pathway in front of him, for he yelled out some incoherent words of warning, and made a last desperate attempt to pull up.

Was carrying and stopped upon the summit of the rising ground.

She stood for some time gazing at the view before her. She glanced at the great mysterious stretch of silent bushland beside her, and stopped upon the summit of the rising ground. yelled out some incoherent words of warning, and made a last desperate attempt to pull up. and made a last desperate attempt to pull up.

There was a shout, an oath and a jarring crash, and Abe, hurrying down, saw a wild, infuriated horse rearing madly in the air with a slim dark figure hanging on to its bridle. Boss, with the keen power of calculation which had made him the finest cricketer at Rugby in his day, ror: and when above them all she way a reir of the same and withdrew the basket from her very grasp.

The figure which met her and withdrew the basket from her very grasp.

The figure which met her and withdrew the basket from her very grasp.

The figure which met her and withdrew the basket from her very grasp.

The figure which met her and withdrew the basket from her very grasp.

horse, cowed by the sight of a fresh assailant, quieted down and stood shivering with terror. "I'm sorry tion at having the start of the sorry tion at having the start of the sorry tion at having the start of the sorry tion at having the sorry ti

"Oh, papa," said the apparition, in great dis-tress, "he is hurt—the gentleman is hurt," and with a quick, feminine gesture of sympathy she bent her lithe figure over Boss Morgan's pros-

trate figure.
"Why, it's Abe Durton and his partner," said "Why, it's Abe Durton and his partner," said the driver of the buggy, coming forward and disclosing the grizzled features of Mr. Joshus Sinclair, the assayer to the mines. "I don't know how to thank you, boys. The infernal brute got the bit between his teeth and I should have had to throw Carrie out and chance it in another minute. That's right," he continued. as Morgan staggered to his feet. "Not much fashion of Harvey's Sluice, have gone the length of prefixing their adjective with a forcible expletive with a forcible expletive which the driver of the buggy, coming forward and disclosing the grizzled features of Mr. Joshus to be able to peer under the little straw bon-two how to thank you, boys. The infernal brute got the bit between his teeth and I should have had to throw Carrie out and chance it in another minute. That's right," he continued. as Morgan staggered to his feet. "Not much have houded the pathway conjured up a fresh idea. He grasped at it as a drowning man to a straw. "Cockney Jack built that," he remarked. "Where shoulder. "How are you going to get Miss Sinclair home?"

"Oh, we can walk," said that young lady. "Three-star branky" said Abe desirable."

forcible expletive which shaking off the effects of her fright with all the

in the darkness.

"You told me the men were rough and nasty, pa," said Miss Carrie Sinclair, after a long silence, when the two 'ark shadows had died away in the distance and the carriage was speeding along by the turbulent stream. "I don't think so. I think they are very nice." And Carrie was unusually quiet for the remainder of her journey and seemed more reconciled to the hardship of leaving her dear friend Amelia in the far-off boarding school at Melbourne. That did not prevent her from writing a full, true and particular account of their little ad-

"The Boss is late tonight," he muttered as ne rose from his chair and stretched himself in a colossal yawn. "My stars, how it does rain and blow! Don't it, Blinky?" Blinky was a demure and meditative owl, whose comfort and mure and meditative owl, whose comfort and blow as a chronic subject of solicitude to bad seen the other one in a red shirt, with a you, dear. He was just your idea. You re-member, a yellow mustache and great blue eyes. And how he did stare at poor me! You never see such men in Burke street, Amy," and so on, for four pages of pretty feminine gossip.

In the meantime poor Boss, badly shaken.
had been helped up the hill by his partner and regained the shelter of the shanty. Abe doctored him out of the rude pharmacopæia of the camp, and bandaged up his strained arm.

> A casual visitor would have noticed a remarkable change in the conversation of this community. Somehow, when a certain dainty little bonnet, with a sweet, girlish figure beneath it, was seen in the distance among the disused shafts and mounds of red earth which disfigured the sides of the valley, there was a warning murmur and a general clearing off of the cloud of blasphemy, which was, I regret to state, an habitual characteristic of the working

> population of Harvey's Sluice.
>
> Abe had formerly been considered one of the most experienced valuators of an ore in the settlement. It had been commonly supposed that he was able to estimate the amount of gold in a fragment of quartz with remarkable exactness. This, however, was evidently a mistake, other-wise he would never have incurred the useless

It is certain that, what with professional business in the morning and social visits at night, as the new house of the assayer had been mag-niloquently named. There was one cloud on Bones' horizon, and that was the periodical ap-pearance of Black Tom Ferguson of Rochdale Ferry. This clever young scamp had managed to ingratiate himself with old Joshua and was a constant visitor at the villa. There were evil rumors abroad about Black Tom. He was into the vacant chair before the fire and watched Abe laying out the two metal plates. "Come to be worse. Harvey's Sluice was not censori-"Shares are up," said his companion. "That's music and the gayeties of Melbourne. It was what's up. Look here," and he extracted a on these occasions that poor simple Bones

life of me I can't say a word. Tell me, Boss,

what would you say to a girl like that? Why, talk about what would interest her. said his companion.
"Ah, that's where it lies." "Talk about the customs of the place and the

country," said the Boss, pulling meditatively at his pipe. "Tell her stories of what you have seen in the mines and that sort of thing. "Eh? You'd do that, would you?" responded his comrade more hopefully. "If that's the hang of it I am right. I'll go up now and tell her about Chicago Bill, an' how he put them

Boss Morgan laughed.
"That's hardly the thing," he said. "You'd something lighter, you know; something to amuse her, something funny." "Funny?" said the anxious lover, with less

thing to look at, my boy," he added, as he sat down and began attacking the food set before him. "They say she is a beauty, Bones." confidence in his voice. "How you and me made Mat Houlahan drunk and put him in the pulpit of the Baptist Church, and he wouldn't let the preacher in in the morning. How would that do, eh?" "For heaven's sake, don't say anything of the

sort," said his mentor in great consternation.
"She'd never speak to either of us again. No. what I mean is that you should tell about the habits of the mines; how men live and work and die there. If she is a sensible girl that

"just keep an eye on that man Ferguson. Watch what he does."

"I will," said his companion. And he did. He watched him that very night—watched him stride out of the house of the assayer with anger and baffled pride on every feature of his handsome swarthy face; watched him clear the garden paling at a bound, pass in long rapid strides down the side of the valley, gesticulating wildly with his hands, and vanish into the bushland beyond. All this Abe Durton watched, and with a thoughtful look upon his face he relit his pipe and strolled slowly backward to the hut upon the hill.

March was drawing to a close in Harvey's Sluice, and the glare and heat of the antipodean summer had toned down into the rich mellow

hues of autumn.

On that particular morning the stream looked pretty as it meandered down the valley; pretty, too, was the long rising upland behind, with its luxuriant green covering, and prettiest of all was Miss Carrie Sinclair as she laid down her basket of ferns which sh was carrying and stopped upon the summit of

and Abe, hurrying down, san a with a slim dark horse rearing madly in the air with a slim dark figure—hanging on to its bridle. Boss, with the keen power of calculation which had made him the finest cricketer at Rugby in his day, had caught the rein immediately below the bit and clung to it with silent concentration.

"Hold it, Bones," he said, as a tall figure hurled itself into the road and seized the other rein.

"Abelian boots, the long, and the girdle with the weapons of death were, however, to familiar to Miss Carrie to be objects of terror; and when above them all she saw a pair of tender blue eyes looking down upon her, and a half-abashed smile lurking under a thick yellow mustache, she knew that for the remainder of that walk ranger and black would be equally powerless to harm her.

"Oh, Mr. Durton," she said, "how you did

"I'm sorry, miss." said Abe, in great trepidation at having caused his idol one moment's uneasiness. "You see," he continued, with simple cunning, "the weather bein' fine and my partner gone prospectin', I thought I'd walk up to Hagley's Hill and round back by the bent tenderly over his prostrate companion. He could see that he was very white and breathing with difficulty.

"Cheer up, old Boss," he murmured.

There, at the other side of the fallen man and half shrouded in the darkness, stood what appeared to Abe's simple soul to be the most beautiful vision that ever had appeared upon It seemed a curious thing to talk about; but
Boss had said it, and Boss was always right.
He would take the plunge; so with a premonitory hem he blurted out:
"They live mostly on bacon and beans in the

valley."
He could not see what effect this communica-

as Morgan staggered to his feet. "Not much hurt, I hope."

"I can get up to the hut now," said the young man, steadying himself upon his partner's shoulder. "How are you going to get Miss Sinclair home?"

"Oo, we can walk," said that young lady, shaking off the effects of her fright with all the leasticity of youth.

"We can drive and take the road round the bank so as to avoid the ford," said her father. "The horse seems cowed enough now; you need not be afraid of it. Carrie. I hope we shall see you at the house, both of you. Neither of us can easily forget this night's work."

Miss Carrie said nothing, but she managed to shoot a little demure glance of gratitude from under her long lashes, to have won which honest Abe felt that he would have cheerfully undertaken to stop a runaway locomotive.

There was a cheerv shout of "good night," a crack of the whip and the buggy rattled away; in the darkness.

"You told me the men were rough and naste."

"I see didently wrongs. The young a ruined hut beside the spair. The sight of a ruined hut be spair. The sight of a ru

gets dropped—shot, you know."
"I don't mean that. Do many men die alone and miserable down there, with no one to care for them?" and she pointed to the cluster of houses beneath them. "Is there any one dying now? It is awful to think of." "There's none as I knows on likely to throw up their hand."
"I wish you wouldn't use so much slang, Mr.

Durton," said Carrie. "You know it isn't po-lite. You should get a dictionary and learn the proper words,"
"Ah, that's it," said Bones apologetically. "It's gettin' your hand on the proper one. When you've not got a steam drill, you've got to put up with the pick."
"Yes, but it's easy if you really try. You

could say that a man was 'dying,' or 'moribund,' 'That's it," said the miner enthusiastically. " 'Moribund!' That's a word. Why, you could lay over Boss Morgan in the matter of words. "Moribund." There's some sound about that."

whether it will express your meaning. Seriously, Mr. Durton, if any one should be ill in the camp, you must let me know. I can nurse, and I might be of use. You will, won't you? up to Azalea Villa. "Thank you ever so much for escorting me."

of relaxation. There had been a fierce competition between it and the rival establishment termed the Grocery, which, in spite of its innocent appellation, aspired also to discovered and the discovered and the rival establishment termed the Grocery, which, in spite of its innocent appellation, aspired also to discovered entirely upon the appearance of a second jorum of whisky. The matter had almost been forgotten by the time rush, a cloud of smoke, with pistol shots and five courses of the state pense spirituous refreshments. The importa-tion of chairs into the latter had led to the appearance of a settee in the former. Spittoons appeared in the Grocery against a picture in appeared in the Grocery against a picture in the Bar, and, as the frequenters expressed it, the honors were even. When, however, the down from the distant mountains, moaning and

into the Bar itself and bask in the shimmer of its many-colored bottles, there was a general feeling that the snuggery or special apartment should be reserved for the use of the more should be reserved for the use of the more

on these occasions that poor simple Bones would sink into the very lowest depths of despondency and either elink away or sit glaring at his rival with an earnest malignancy which seemed to cause that gentleman no small amusement.

The miner made no secret to his partner of the admiration which he entertained for Miss Sinclair.

That loafer from Rochdale," he said. "he said amusement.

That loafer from Rochdale," he said. "he said was of an ambitious and aspiring turn of mind, and after gazing in silent disgust at his last week's clean-up he had metaphorically shaken the clay of Harvey's Sluice from his feet and had started off into the woods with the intention of prospecting round until he could hit upon some likely piece of ground for himself.

Jim's story was that he was sitting upon a fallen trunk eating his midday damper and rusty watcher behind could have seen his square ather was clear. Then trunk eating his midday damper and rusty watcher behind could have seen his square ath-bacon, when his trained ear had caught the letic figure standing out sharp and clear. Then clink of horses' hoofs. He had hardly time to he gave a start as if he had been shot and stag-take the precaution of rolling off the tree and gered up against the little gate beside him. crouching down behind it before a troop of men came riding down through the bush and his sunburned face to become a shade paler as passed within a stone's throw of him.

"There was Bill Smeaton and Murphy Duff." said Struggles, naming two notorious ruffians; dark moving mass coming round the curve and "and there was three more that I couldn't lost in the shadow of the hill. It was but for a rightly see. And they took the trail to the moment; yet in that moment the quick perceptight and looked like business all over, with tion of the practiced woodman had realized the

his testimony or throw a further light upon lands—the dreaded rangers of the bush?

What he had seen.

It is true that on ordinary occasions Abe was frighten her if you told her that. Tell her something lighter, you know; something to amuse her, something funny."

That's hardly the thing, he said.

The detailed, however, who were touch the movements. In the hour of danger, however, he was as remarkable for cool deliberation as the was as remarkable for cool deliberation. As he addresses action. As he addresses action. the room, and was evidently one of the leading vanced up the garden he rapidly reckoned up spirits in the community. We have already the chances against him. There were half a seen that dark curling hair, lack-luster eye and

thin, cruel lip, in the person of Black Tom Ferguson, the rejected suntor of Miss Sinclair. "It's always the same." he said; "if a man meets a few travelers in the bush, he's bound to come back raving about rangers. If they'd seen Struggles there, they would have gone off with a long yarn about a ranger crouching beand die there. If she is a sension ought to interest her."

"How they live at the mines? Pard, you are good to me. How they live? There's a thing I can talk of as glib as Black Tom or any man.

I'll try it on her when I see her."

Something seemed to be on all for occasionally he would spring off his perch and pace up and down the room with an abstracted and very forbidding look upon his swarthy face. It was a relief to every one when suddenly catching up his hat and wish-

ing the company a curt "good night," he walked off through the bar and into the street "Seems kinder put out," remarked Long "He can't be afeard of the rangers, surely." said Joe Shamus, another man of consequence, and principal shareholder of the El Dorado. "No, he's not the man to be afraid." answered another. "There's something queer about him the last day or two. He's been long trips in the woods without any tools. They

do say that the assayer's daughter has chucked "Quite right, too. A darned sight too good for him," remarked several voices.
"It's odds but he has another try," said Shamus. "He's a hard man to beat when he's set his mind on a thing."
"Abe Durton's the horse to win," remarked Houlahan, a little, bearded Irishman, "It's sign to form!" he milled.

man. "It's sivin to four I'd be willin' to lay "And you'd be afther losing your money, a-vich," said a young man with a laugh. "She'll want more brains than ever Bones had in his skull. you bet."

il. you bet."
Who's seen Bones today?" asked McCoy.
"He "Who's seen Bones today?" asked McCoy.
"I've seen him," said the young miner. "He
came round all through the camp asking for a
dictionary—wanted to write a letter likely."
"I saw him readin' it," said Shamus. "He
came over to me an' told me he'd struck something good at the first show. Showed me a
word about as long as your arm—'abdicate.' or
something."

'It's a rich man he is now, I suppose," said the Irishman.

"Well, he's about made his pile. He holds a hundred feet of the Conemars, and the shares go up every hour. If he'd sell out, he'd be about fit to go home."

with him," said another. "Old Joshua wouldn't with him," said another. "Old Joshus wouldn't object, seein' that the money is there."

I think it has been already recorded in this narrative that Jim Struggles, the wandering prospector, had gained the reputation of being the wit of the camp. He had been brooding in silence over some idea since the departure of Ferguson, and he now proceeded to evolve it to his expectant companions.

his expectant companions.

"Say, boys," he began. "It's the first o' April. I've got a calendar in the hut as

"What if it is?" said several voices "Well, don't ye fix up some little joke on the condin't we get a laugh out of it? Now, there's old Bones, for instance; he'll never smell a rat. Couldn't we send him off somewhere and watch him go, maybe? We'd have smething to chaff him on for a month to come, eh?"

The ruffian stepped up to the gate and put his hand upom the latch. He started as estentorian "Stand back!" came thundering out from among the bushes. In war, as in love, the miner was a man of few words. "Well, don't you see, it's All Fools' day. Couldn't we fix up some little joke on some one,

seemed to come over him, and he laughed up-roariously, rubbing his hands between his

knees in the excess of his delight.
"Well, what is it?" asked the eager sudience.

thing played this year."

There was a roar of laughter. The plan was

approved of unanimously.

"Here's pencil and here's paper," said the humorist. "Who's goin' to write the letter?"

humorist. "Who's goin' to write the letter?" "Write it yourself, Jim." said Shamus.
"Well, what shall I say?"

"I don't know how she'd put it." said Jim, scratching his head in great perplexity. "However, Eones will never know the differ. How will this do? 'Dear old man. Come to the garden at 12 tonight, else I'll never speak to you.

might be of use. You will, won't you?

"And now I must say good morning," said
Carrie, as they came to the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into Azalea Villa. "Thank you were a mach of the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into Azalea Villa. "Thank you were to mach of the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound into the spot where a crooked pathway branc There."

This epistle was gravely passed round the was still time to force the door if they could

the Bar, and, as the the bonors were even. When, however, the Grocery led a window curtain, and its opponent returned a snuggery and a mirror, the game was declared to be in favor of the latter, and Harrey's Sluice showed its sense of the arms the proprietor by withdrawing its customer which hung over the little town.

It was in the darkness that Abe Durton sallied and from his little shanty. His partner, Boss and from his little shanty. om from his opponent.

Though every man was at liberty to swagger Morgan, was still absent in the bush, so that,

to be worse. Harvey's Sluice was not censorious, and yet there was a general feeling that His gigantic partner came meekly over and styling and the same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening there was an assemblage of notabilitie in the strong of the same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening there was the name at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening there was the name at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening there was an assemblage of notabilitie in the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens. On the same at the footbase prominent citizens are same at the footbase prominent citizens. On the same at the footbase prominent citizens are same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens are same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens are same at the footbase prominent citizens. On the same at the footbase prominent citizens are same at the footbase prominent citizens. On this particular evening the same at the footbase prominent citizens are same at the footbase prominent citizens are same at the footbase prominent citizens. On the footbase prominent citizens are same at the footbase prominent citiz for what, and with a heart as pure and as heroic sank back upon the pillow books and of their presence had been flying about and an as any knight errant, this rough miner went rne.—It was suneasy feeling had pervaded the colony. forth at the summons of his love.

> He had seen something which caused even he thought of the girl so near him. Just at the their guns in their hands."
>
> Whole situation. It was a band of horsemen would at the other end of George street. His best bound for the villa, and what horsemen would man was a darling '(twice underlined). "So ination that evening, but nothing could shake ride so by night save the terror of the wood-

There were a few, however, who were loudly as sluggish in his intellect as he was heavy in the chances against him. There were half a dozen of the assailants, at the most moderate computation, all desperate and fearless men. The question was whether he could keep them at bay for a short time and prevent their forcing a passage into the house. We have already mentioned that sentinels had been placed in the main street of the town. Abe reckoned that help would be at hand within ten minutes of the firing of the first shot.

Were he inside the house he could confidently reckon on holding his own for a longer period than that. Before he could rouse the sleepers and gain admission, however, the rangers would be upon him. He must content himself with doing his utmost. At any rate he would show Carrie that, if he could not talk to her, he could at least die for her.

The road along which the rangers were com-

ing ended at a wooden gate opening into the upper part of the assayer's little garden. This gate had a high acacia hedge on either side of it, and opened into a short walk also lined by impassable thorny walls. Abe knew the place well. One resolute man might, he thought, hold the passage for a few minutes until the assailants broke through elsewhere and took him in the rear. At any rate it was his best chance. He passed the front door, but forbore to give any alarm. Sinclair was an elderly man, and would be of little assistance in such a desperate struggle as was before him, and the appearance of lights in the house would warn the rangers of the resistance awaiting them. Oh, for his partner, the Boss, for Chicago Bill. for any one of twenty gallant men who would have come to his call and stood by him in such a quarrel! He turned into the narrow wooden pathway. There was the well-remembered pathway. wooden gate and there, perched upon the gate, languidly swinging his legs backward and forward and peering down the road in front of him was Mr. John Morgan, the very man for met. whom Abe had been longing from the bottom of his heart. There was short time for explanations. A few hurried words announced that the Boss, returning from his little tour, had come across the rangers riding on their mission of darkness, and, overhearing their destination, had managed by hard running and knowledge of the country to arrive before them. "No time to alarm any one," he exknowledge of the country to arrive before them. "No time to alarm any one," he ex-plained, still panting from his exertions, "must stop them ourselves; not come for swag—come for your girl. Only over our bodies, Bones," and with these few broken words the strangely assorted friends shook hands, and looked lov-ingly into each other's eyes, while the tramp of the horses came down to them on the fragrant breeze of the woods.

There were six rangers in all. One, who appeared to be leader, rode in front, while the others followed in a body. They flung themselves off their horses when they were opposite the house, and after a few muttered words from their captain tethered the animals to a small tree and watked confidently toward the gate.

Boss Morgan and Abe were crouching down under the shadow of the hedge at the very extreme end of the narrow passage. They were invisible to the rangers, who evidently reckoned on meeting little resistance in this isolated house. As the first man came forward and half turned to give some orders to his commedes both the friends recognized the stern profile and heavy mustache of Black Ferguson, the rejected suitor of Miss Carrie Sincisir. Honest Abe made a mental vow that he at least should never reach the door alive. There were six rangers in all. One, who ap-

voice with an infinite sadness and gentleness about it which was characteristic of the owner "Well, what is it?" asked the eager audience.

"See here, boys. There's Miss Sinclair. You was saying as Abe's gone on her. She don't fancy him much, you think. Suppose we write him a note—send it him tonight, you know."

"Well, what then?" said McCoy.

"Well, pretend the note is from her, d'ye see? Put her name at the bottom. Let on as she wants him to come an' meet her in the garden at 12. He's bound to go. He'll think she wants to go off with him. It'll be the biggest thing played this year."

when the devil was rampant in his soul. The ranger recognized it. He remembered the soft languid address which he had listened to in the which had wound up by the mildorator putting his back against the door, drawing a derringer and asking to see the sharper who would dare to force a passage. "It's that infernal fool Durton," he said, "and his white-faced friend."

Both were well known names in the country round. But the rangers were reckless and desperate men. They drew up to the gate in a when the devil was rampant in his soul. The ranger recognized it. He remembered the soft languid address which he had listened to in the round. But the rangers were reckless and desperate men. They drew up to the gate in a

"Clear out of that!" said their leader in a grim whisper; "you can't save the girl. Go off with whole skins while you have the chance." The partners laughed.
"Then, curse you, come on!"

again, eh?"

"No, that's not the style," said the young miner. "Mind, she's a lass of eddication. She'd put it kinder flowery and soft."

"Well, write it yourself," said Jim sulkily, handing him over the pencil.

"This is the sort of thing," said the miner, moistening the point of it in his mouth. "This is the sort of thing," said the miner, moistening the point of it in his mouth.
"When the moon is in the sky ""
"There it is. That's bully," from the com"There it is. That's bully," from the comforibund." There's some sound about that."

Carrie laughed.

"And the stars a-shinin bright, meet, O meet me, Adolphus, by the garden gate at 12."

hether it will express your meaning. Seriously, "His name ain't Adolphus," objected a short at the very moment when he needed to draw upon it most.

"That's how the poetry comes in," said the "Don't go yet," said the voice in the dark

In this epistle was gravely passed round the room from hand to hand and reverentially gazed upon as being a remarkable production of the hand spoken kindly to him. But then she had sent him away before there was any necessity; she couldn't care much about him if she would do that. I think he might have felt a little more cheerful, however, had he seen Miss Carrie Sinclair as she watched his retiring figure from the garden gate with a loving look upon her saucy face and a mischievous smile at his bent head and desponding appearance.

This epistle was gravely passed round the room from hand to hand and reverentially gazed upon as being a remarkable production of the human brain. It was then folded up and committed to the care of a small boy, who was solemnly charged, under dire threats, to deliver it at the shanty and to make off before any awkward onestions were asked him. It was only after he had disappeared in the darkment of the was some appearance of a gap. The two friends glanced at each other. Their fank was turned. They stood up like more than the darkment of the defenders. What Abe succeed in mastering the defenders. What Abe the ground as well as he did. He ran rapidly along the hedge, and the five crached through it where there was some appearance of a gap. The two friends glanced at each other. Their fank was turned. They stood upon who knew their fate and did not fear to meet it.

There was a wild medieve of dark figures in the moonlight, and a ringing cheer from well-knew the ground as well as he did. He ran rapidly along the hedge, and the five crached through it where there was some appearance of a gap. The two friends glanced at each other. Their fank was turned. They stood upon the succeed in mastering the defenders. What Abe was calculated upon as being a remarkable production of the human brain. It was then folded up and committed to the care of a small boy, wh

IV.

The Colonial Bar was the favorite haunt of the inhabitants of Harvey's Sluice in their hours of relaxation. There had been a fierce competition between it and the rival establishment termed the Colonial termed the colonial state of the rival establishment termed the rival establis shelter of the broken hedge was the only ranger upon his feet within the little garden But there was no sound of triumph among the victors; a strange hush had come over them, and a murmur as of grief for there, lying across the threshold which he had fought a gallantly to defend, lay poor Abe, the loyal and simple hearted, breathing heavily with a bullet through his lungs.

He was carried inside with all the rough ten-

derness of the mines. There were men there, I think, who would have borne his hurt to have had the love of that white girlish figure, which bent over the blood-stained bed and whispered so softly and so tenderly in his ear. Her voice seemed to rouse him. He opened his dreamy blue eyes and looked about him. They rested

"Played out," he murmured; "pardon, Carrie, morib-

However, Abe failed for once to be as good as his word. His hardy constitution asserted itself, and he shook off what might in a weaker man have proved a deadly wound. Whether it was the balmy air of the woodlands which came sweeping over a thousand miles of forest into the sick man's room, or whether it was the little nurse who tended him so gently, certain it is that within two months we heard that he had realized his shares in the Conemara, and gone from Harvey's Sluice and the litt upon the hill forever.

I had the advantage a short time afterward of seeing an extract from the letter of a voung lady named Amelia, to whom we have made casual aliusion in the course of our narrative. We have already broken the privacy of one feminine epistle, so we shall have fewer scruples in glancing at another. "I was bridemaid, she remarks, "and Carrie looked charming (underlined) "in the veil and orange blossoms Such a man he is—twice as big as your Jack and he was so funny, and blushed and droppe the prayer book. And when they asked the man was a darling '(twice underlined). "So quiet and handsome and nice. Too gentle to take care of himself among those rough men, I fullness of time Miss Amelia managed to take upon herself the care of our old friend Mr. Jaci

A Farmer's Advice to Mr. Hayes.

Morgan, commonly known as the Boss.

From the Detroit Free Press. The story is told that the late R. B. Haves had for a neighbor in Ohio a testy old fellow who ran a small truck farm. He was honest and upright and Mr. Haves held him in high esteem notwithstanding his lack of the social amenities and respect for persons. On one of his visits to Ohio during the presidency he passed the old man's farm and found him planting potatoes in a patch near the road. The President, being peculiarity in his neighbor's style of planting. and, after a few minutes chat, he called his attention to it and the old man argued the point

"After all," concluded the President, don't think you are doing it as it should be done for the best results." The old farmer rested his arm on the fence and looked steadily at Mr. Hayes. "They ain't neither one of us," he said, "above havin' fault found with us, but ef you jest go on Presidentin' the United States you way an' I go on plantin' pertaters my way I guess we won't be no wuss off in the end."

antly and passed on.

The introduction in our cities of apartmen houses, in which a considerable number of famflies he under one roof, has given rise to many amusing occurrences, says Youth's Companion, In an eastern city, recently, two physicians were walking together on the street when one

"A patient?" asked the other.
"Oh, in a way," answered the first doctor
I treated her the other day for r small diffi

culty."
"What was it?" "A wart on the nose." "And what did you prescribe?"
"I ordered her to refrain absolutely from

just under mine, in the apartment house."
"Ab—now I understand!" said the other.

playing the piano."

The other doctor was astonished. "Orde her to leave off playing the piano—for a wart on the nose! Well, I can't understand your on the nose! Well, I can't understand your treatment."
"If you knew the circumstances you would," said the first doctor. "She occupies the flat

THE FUR BOA AND THE GUST OF WIND, OR. A COMBINATION THAT PRODUCED A REPORM





